

Use Our Mail Order Department

**Whiteman & Simpson Co.**  
THE STORE OF SERVICE

Ask For "S. & H." Green Stamps.

## Notice!

This Store Will Be Closed All Day  
Monday  
NEW YEAR'S DAY

## Tuesday Morning Is the Opening of Our January Clearance SALES

SALE TIME AT THE STORE MEANS  
OPPORTUNITY TIME FOR YOU

This sale concerns all. No one's too old, no one's too young to share in the savings. The merchandise is of the character you're accustomed to expect here, but the prices are considerably less.

SEE SALE AD ON PAGES 4 AND 5

## PRESS OF STATE COMMENDED FOR SEAL SALE AID

Hixson Gives Papers Credit  
for Large Measure of the  
Success in Christmas  
Seal Sale.

OKLAHOMA CITY.—In a statement made today, R. Heber Hixson, general secretary of the Oklahoma public health association, gave the press of the state credit in a large measure for the success of the fifteenth annual Christmas seal sale.

"Without the generous support of state papers, large and small, we could have done little," Hixson said. "Nearly every paper has given liberal space to our work not only in the sale but in our year round endeavor as well."

Praises Editors  
It is keenly gratifying to me, a new comer, to find Oklahoma editors so willing to take up the cause and with such enthusiasm. Surely no other state can boast of a more full hearted editorial co-operation, a more virile willingness to serve than exemplified here.

## PASSENGER SERVICE IS BACK TO NORMAL

Passenger service has gotten back to normal it was stated by railway officials Saturday morning, but it is expected that the Sunday and Monday service will be a little inconvenienced because of the great number of students returning to school and the wind-up of the holiday vacationers.

During last week the Frisco and Santa Fe ran late several times because of making connections and because of the crowded conditions. Crowded trains have been operated throughout the holidays.

## LOCAL NURSERY MAN WINS 2 FIRST PRIZES

Irt Hudson, owner of the Ardmore nursery, has received notification from W. A. Redspinner of the Oklahoma A. and M. college that he is winner of two first prizes in the horticulture show held there early in December.

One prize was given on Mr. Hudson's No. 4, native peon, and the other on a collection of Hibernia. "This was the best plate of native peonies entered in our show," Prof Redspinner wrote Mr. Hudson.

Asked Support Highway  
HUGO.—The Hugo chamber of commerce has been asked to support the Williams highway near Mirkon Bow in a pamphlet of resolutions received from the 14th chamber of commerce.

## Greater Part of Stolen Goods Is Found; Boys Caught

Most of the stuff stolen from the store of Henry Flynn a Caddo street merchant, Thursday night, has been recovered, two arrests have been made and the officers are looking for two other boys said to have been implicated in the transaction.

Palmer Hensen, son of J. T. Henson, city policeman, was one of the boys taken into custody Friday by his father. Ohio Johnson and Otis Williams were also arrested at the same time.

A boy by the name of Humphrey is still at large, but officers state that they are confident of his capture.

All the boys named have been implicated in affairs of this kind before, and have a bad record with the police department.

## FIVE BUILDINGS ARE DESTROYED BY BLAZE

JACKSON, Ill.—Two buildings on the south side of the public square were in ruins here today, an estimated loss of \$100,000 as a result of fire of unknown origin early today. Two buildings, houses, five firms, were practically destroyed by flames which started at 2 o'clock and were brought under control at 4:30 o'clock. Exploding shells in the armory of the Jacksonville housing company of the Illinois national guard added to the danger confronting the firemen, but none was injured with the exception of two hurt by falling debris.

One of the buildings, which houses three firms, was an old landmark, built in 1847.

## WILSON FREE FROM FIRES FOUR MONTHS

WILSON, Okla.—The local fire department is finishing the year with a very satisfactory record, Chief W. L. Jackson stated Saturday morning. Except for a few bad fires during the early part of the year, there has been little property loss here.

There has been no loss by fire during the past four months, Chief Jackson said. Only a few calls were received and these were mostly false alarms or for grass fires.

## MINER ACCIDENTALLY KILLED BY OWN GUN

MCALISTER, Okla.—Victor Bernabe, a miner residing six miles south-east of Hartshorne, met with accidental death Friday when starting on a hunting trip, he set his double barreled shot gun down so hard upon the floor that the trigger, which was set, went off discharging both barrels of shot into his stomach. Death was instantaneous.

Let Contract for Sewer  
PERRY.—The city council has let the contract for a sewer system in Porter addition, a new residence addition lately added to the corporate limits.



(Continued From Last Sunday)

Lanyard sat up and took intelligent notice of the room. Phinuit chuckled, and consulted Monk in the tone of one reasonable man to his peer.

"It's plain to be seen he wants those jewels—means to have 'em. Do you know any way we can keep them from him?"

Monk moved his head slowly from side to side: "None."

"Then you agree with me, it would save us all a heap of trouble to let him have them without any more stalling?"

Monk quietly opened a false door in a pedestal of his desk. Lanyard could hear the spinning of a combination manipulated by Monk's long and bony fingers. And presently he saw Monk straighten up with a sizable steel dispatch box in his hands, place this upon the desk, and unlock it with a key on his pocket ring.

"There," he announced with an easy gesture.

Lanyard rose and stood over the desk investigating the contents of the dispatch-box. The collection of magnificent stones seemed to tally accurately with his mental memoranda of the description furnished by Eve de Montalais.

"This seems to be right," he said quietly, and closed the box. The automatic lock snapped fast.

"Now what do you say, brother dear?"

"Your debt to me is fully discharged, Liane. What is to prevent me from going ashore with these at once?"

"Nothing," said Phinuit, "but your own good sense."

"Ah!" said Lanyard—"ah!"—and looked from face to face.

"Do I understand I am to consider myself your prisoner?"

"Oh, dear, no!" said Captain Monk, inexpressibly pained by such crudity. Consider favorably an invitation to be out homeward guest on the voyage to New York?"

Lanyard thought the matter over a little.

"Obviously, it would seem, you have not gone to all this trouble—lured me aboard this yacht—merely to amuse yourselves at my expense and then knock me on the head."

"Absurd!" Liane declared indignantly. "As if I would permit such a thing who owe you so much?"

"Or look at it this way, monsieur," Monk put in with a courtly gesture: "When one has an adversary whom one respects, one wisely prefers to have him where one can watch him."

"More than that," said Liane with her most killing glance for Lanyard: "A dear friend."

But Lanyard was not to be put off by fair words and flattery.

"No," he said gravely: "but there is some deeper motive..."

He sought Phinuit's eyes, and Phinuit unexpectedly gave him an open-faced return.

"There is, he stated frankly.

"Then why not tell me—?"

"All in good time."

With characteristic abruptness Liane Delorme announced that she was sleepy it had been for her a most fatiguing day. Captain Monk rang for the stewardess and gallantly escorted the lady to her door. Lanyard put up with Phinuit to hold her out, but instead of following her suit helped himself to a long whisky and soda.

"I'm afraid you've got a tendency to overestimate the gullibility of people in general," remarked Phinuit. "Why this funny story of yours about wanting to get hold of the Montalais loot simply to slip it back to its owner?"

Lanyard felt a spasm of anger constrict his throat. Nevertheless his courteous smile persisted.

"I presume, Captain Monk, it's not too late to send a note ashore, posted? I don't mind in the least mind your reading it."

Monk shrugged his brows, found paper, even went so far as to dip the pen for Lanyard.

Lanyard wrote:

"Dear Madame de Montalais:

"I have not forgotten my promises, but my days have been full since I left the chateau. And even now I must be brief: within an hour I sail for America. Within a fortnight you may look for telegraphic advices from me, stating that your jewels are in my possession, and when I hope to be able to restore them to you."

"Believe me, dear madame,

"Devotedly, your servant,

"Michael Lanyard."

Monk read and in silence passed this communication over to Phinuit, while Lanyard addressed the envelope.

"Quite in order," was Phinuit's verdict, accompanied by a yawn.

Lanyard folded the note, sealed it in the envelope, and affixed a stamp supplied by Monk, who meanwhile rang for a steward.

"Take this ashore and post it at once," he told the man who answered his summons.

"But seriously, Lanyard," Phinuit protested with a pained expression: "We value your respect too much to let you go on thinking we have fallen for that hokum. We know you steered a direct course from London for the Chateau de Montalais."

"Monsieur sees too clearly..."

"What were you up to that night, guesyfooting about the chateau at two in the morning?"

"But this is positively uncanny! Monsieur knows everything."

"Why shouldn't I know about that? Vanity rang in Phinuit's self-conscious chuckle. "Who'd you think had you out that night?"

"Monsieur is not telling me—?"

"I guess I owe you an apology," Phinuit admitted. Hope I didn't jar you too much."

CHAPTER XIX  
The Face in the Dark

In the early days of the voyage, Lanyard felt confident of outwitting his companions, but was unable to evolve a satisfactory plan to secure the jewels.

Not that he made the mistake of despising those two social malcontents, Phinuit and Jules, that rogue adventurer, Monk, that grasping courtesan, Liane Delorme.

Lanyard accounted that quartet uncommonly clever, resourceful, audacious,

jealous, unscrupulous, and potentially ruthless, utterly callous to compunctions when their interests were jeopardized.

But it was inconceivable that he should fail to outwit and frustrate them, who had the love and faith of Eve de Montalais to honor, cherish, and requite.

Trying to put himself in Liane's place, Lanyard believed that he would never have neglected the opportunity to steal away from Paris while he slept and leave him to gnaw his nails in the mortification of defeat. Why she had not done so, why she had permitted Monk and Phinuit to play their comedy of offering him the jewels, passed understanding.

But Lanyard felt assured Liane would not keep him waiting long for enlightenment as to her intentions.

Lanyard spent his hours studying the Sybarite and particularly the chief engineer, Mr. Mussey, a heavy drinker,

and let her hand finger upon his with his insistent reminder of the warm, living presence.

"It is that one grows bored, eh, cher ami?"

"Perhaps, Liane."

"Or perhaps that one's thoughts are constantly at the Chateau de Montalais?"

"It amuses you, then, to shoot arrows into the air?"

"But naturally, I seek the reason, when I see you distrust and am conscious of your neglect."

"I think it is for me to complain of that! Always you are with your two companions; always I am alone."

"Do you imagine for an instant that I class you with such riffraff?"

"And who am I that you should hold me in higher rating than any other man?"

"You should know I do," the woman breathed, so low he barely caught the words.

"Think what I owe to you, Michael; and then consider this, that of all men whom I have known you alone have never asked for love."

He gave a quiet laugh. "There is too much humility in my heart."

"No," she said in a dull voice—"but you despise me. Do not deny it!" She shifted impatiently in her chair.

"I cannot hope to escape my fate!"

"But one imagines nobody can escape his fate."

"Men such as you, rare as you are, know how to cheat destiny; but women never. It is my fate to have loved too late to love you, Michael—"

"Ah, Liane, Liane!"

"But you hold me in too much contempt to be willing to recognize the truth."

"On the contrary, I admire you extremely, I think you are an incomparable actress."

"You see?" She offered a despairing gesture to the stars. "Is it not true what I say? I lay bare my heart to him, and he tells me that I act!"

"But my dear girl surely you do not expect me to think otherwise?"

"I was a fool to expect anything from you," she returned bitterly—"you know too much about me."

Divided between annoyance and distaste, he was silent. And all at once she threw herself half across the joined arms of their chairs, catching his shoulders with her hands, so that her half-clothed body rested on his bosom and its scented warmth assailed his senses with the seduction whose power she knew so well.

(Continued Next Sunday)

HOT BARBECUE AND HOME BAKED HAMS, EVERY DAY. DAVIS MARKET & GROCERY CO. 28-3

Guy Harris left Saturday morning for a short business trip to Paula Valley.

Special Home Bargains

Dandy five room modern home, beautiful terrace lot, on Eighth avenue, northwest, fine neighborhood, close to the pavement; it is a special bargain for \$3500; \$1000 cash will handle the deal.

R. C. McKiddy

Real Estate and Insurance

Phone 22. Res. 2448

Start NOW!

January First—Inventory Time

This is the month that American business takes account of itself. Stocks are gone over, records checked and accounts taken.

It is a very good time for you to take an inventory of yourself. What did you accomplish in 1922? Have you made a definite advance in the last year? Did you have any opportunities that you were unable to grasp from lack of money?

This is the time to make plans for 1923. If you would go forward, be prepared for fortune's turn, be it good or bad. Start a Savings Account NOW. We pay 4 per cent.

THE AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

P. C. DINGS, President.

F. H. SHERWOOD, Vice President.

M. GORMAN, Vice President.

J. B. ALEXANDER, Vice President.

R. A. HEFNER, Vice President.

C. S. PYLE, Cashier.

E. C. WYMORE, Assistant Cashier.

J. M. LANFORD, Assistant Cashier.

O. W. DEVENEY, Assistant Cashier.

W. W. RINGER, Assistant Cashier.

and let her hand finger upon his with his insistent reminder of the warm, living presence.

"It is that one grows bored, eh, cher ami?"

"Perhaps, Liane."

"Or perhaps that one's thoughts are constantly at the Chateau de Montalais?"

"It amuses you, then, to shoot arrows into the air?"

"But naturally, I seek the reason, when I see you distrust and am conscious of your neglect."

"I think it is for me to complain of that! Always you are with your two companions; always I am alone."

"Do you imagine for an instant that I class you with such riffraff?"

"And who am I that you should hold me in higher rating than any other man?"

"You should know I do," the woman breathed, so low he barely caught the words.

"Think what I owe to you, Michael; and then consider this, that of all men whom I have known you alone have never asked for love."

He gave a quiet laugh. "There is too much humility in my heart."

"No," she said in a dull voice—"but you despise me. Do not deny it!" She shifted impatiently in her chair.

"I cannot hope to escape my fate!"

"But one imagines nobody can escape his fate."

"Men such as you, rare as you are, know how to cheat destiny; but women never. It is my fate to have loved too late to love you, Michael—"

"Ah, Liane, Liane!"

"But you hold me in too much contempt to be willing to recognize the truth."

"On the contrary, I admire you extremely, I think you are an incomparable actress."

"You see?" She offered a despairing gesture to the stars. "Is it not true what I say? I lay bare my heart to him, and he tells me that I act!"

"But my dear girl surely you do not expect me to think otherwise?"

"I was a fool to expect anything from you," she returned bitterly—"you know too much about me."

Divided between annoyance and distaste, he was silent. And all at once she threw herself half across the joined arms of their chairs, catching his shoulders with her hands, so that her half-clothed body rested on his bosom and its scented warmth assailed his senses with the seduction whose power she knew so well.

(Continued Next Sunday)

HOT BARBECUE AND HOME BAKED HAMS, EVERY DAY. DAVIS MARKET & GROCERY CO. 28-3

Guy Harris left Saturday morning for a short business trip to Paula Valley.

Special Home Bargains

Dandy five room modern home, beautiful terrace lot, on Eighth avenue, northwest, fine neighborhood, close to the pavement; it is a special bargain for \$3500; \$1000 cash will handle the deal.

R. C. McKiddy

Real Estate and Insurance

Phone 22. Res. 2448

Start NOW!

January First—Inventory Time

This is the month that American business takes account of itself. Stocks are gone over, records checked and accounts taken.

It is a very good time for you to take an inventory of yourself. What did you accomplish in 1922? Have you made a definite advance in the last year? Did you have any opportunities that you were unable to grasp from lack of money?

This is the time to make plans for 1923. If you would go forward, be prepared for fortune's turn, be it good or bad. Start a Savings Account NOW. We pay 4 per cent.

THE AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

P. C. DINGS, President.

F. H. SHERWOOD, Vice President.

M. GORMAN, Vice President.

J. B. ALEXANDER, Vice President.

R. A. HEFNER, Vice President.

C. S. PYLE, Cashier.

E. C. WYMORE, Assistant Cashier.

J. M. LANFORD, Assistant Cashier.

O. W. DEVENEY, Assistant Cashier.

W. W. RINGER, Assistant Cashier.

The loyalty of Hupmobile owners to the car is deeply rooted in the saving, continuous service which makes its use both a pleasure and a profit.

**WARD MOTOR CO.**  
114 N. Washington.  
Phone 1500

# Hupmobile

## Brakes! Brakes!

The Most Important Part of  
YOUR CAR.

Courteous Service Free.

# RED BALL TIRE CO.

TOM ECHOLS

On the eve of the New Year we wish to thank our loyal customers and friends for their support and patronage during 1922.

May the year 1923 bring to each of you a full realization of your ambitions and happiness to you all.

# TOM COOPER MOTOR COMPANY

Goteverthing

407-11 W. Main St. Phone 70.

Your courtesies during the past year are deeply appreciated—may our pleasant associations continue. Accept, please, our best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Make 1923 a Master year with us by starting now.

DRY CLEANING  
DYEING PLANT  
THE BEST EQUIPPED IN THE SOUTHWEST  
9 A ST. N.W. ARDMORE, OKLAHOMA

Old Hats Made New. Phone 71

Get the Habit—Use the Want Ad Columns